THE

HISTORY

OF

FIDELITY AND PROFESSION.

AN

ALLEGORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

'The Raven and the Dove,' 'The Two Lambs,' &c. &c.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL WOOD & SONS,

No. 261 Pearl-street.

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LOS ANGELES

FRONTISPIECE.



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ONCE upon a time, there lived a certain King, who had very large possessions in a distant part of the world; but for a time he sent his son to dwell in a small island, which that Prince had, in a measure, subdued to himself from the hands of a wicked and cruel tyrant. The inhabitants of this island were exceedingly numerous and very active, and of a smaller size than the race of men.

After remaining some time in this island, the King's son was called away to his distant possessions. But before he went, he gave many orders to his servants. Among these were two boys, to whom he had shown extraordinary kindness, and who had always professed great attachment to him.

The names of these two boys were Fidelity and Profession. The Prince called them to him

as he sat in the hall of his palace, which opened into a garden, or rather, I should say, into two gardens: for a winding brook ran through the centre of the garden, in front of the palace, and separated it into two equal parts; and as each part was laid out exactly in the manner of the other, I shall content myself with describing the one, as the Prince led the two children through it.

He first took them to a dark recess in the garden, where, from a rock overgrown with moss, dropped a small spring of very cold water. Dark trees and shrubs overhung the rock, and shut out every ray of sunshine; a few pale flowers hung their pensive heads over the water. A cold and damp feeling chilled the boys as they entered the place, and they seemed glad to get out of it, particularly Profession; but Fidelity noticed that the grass near the water was particularly green, and many lilies of the valley scented the air with their perfume, at a very small distance from the spring. And when he had moved a few yards from the spot, he saw a very bright light playing upon the water, as it ran from the rock into the brook which bounded either garden. "That light does not come from

the sun," said Fidelity, "for it is hid behind a cloud."

Then the Prince bid him look up; and he saw, opposite the rock, a grassy mount, upon which stood a cross. Round the top of this cross there rested a light brighter than the sun at noon-day. At the foot of the mount several lambs were lying asleep. Every kind of sweet and refreshing flowers grew on the sloping side of the mount. At its foot opened a well cultivated wilderness, where shrubs from every climate of the world were planted, and grew in luxuriance. Vines and fruit trees were here loaded with fruit; flowers of spring, and summer, and autumn, were scattered irregularly on the soft velvet turf; and paths innumerable wound among the trees. These paths again met in a delicate little lawn, which, by the easiest and most agreeable ascent, led to an eminence where was planted a delightful arbour.

Fidelity and Profession were charmed with the appearance of this garden. "Surely, Sir," said Profession, "you are not going to give us these gardens?"

"We are not worthy of them," answered Fidelity.

"I am willing to hope," replied the Prince, "that you are so sensible of your obligations to me, that you will prove your love by taking care of these gardens, if I entrust them to you."

"The task is too easy," said Profession.

"We ought," replied Fidelity, "if they are entrusted to us, to keep them in the most beautiful order."

"The employment," answered the Prince, "which I give to you during my absence, and in doing which you will show your love to me, would be, in itself, exceedingly easy and pleasant, were it not that the persons who are to labour in it, the inhabitants of this island, are of so perverse and disorderly a character, that you will find the utmost difficulty in making them obey you: yet I will not leave you comfortless; I will send a friend, and adviser, and helper to you, who will be your director in all your difficulties. But come now with me, and I will show you what you have to do, and I will tell you the names of the different parts of your garden."

First he led them to the dark rock where the spring was dropping, and the trees were planted in gloomy shade. "This," said he, "is the Grotto of Repentance. This spot your servants

will not love; but you must be exceedingly strict with them, and insist upon their labouring here.

He then led them to the mount where the cross stood: and he told them that it was called the Mount of Faith, or Salvation, and that a certain number of their servants must always wait there, and that if they did so, the friend he promised then would be at hand to assist them.

From thence he conducted them into the wilderness, or Vineyard, as it was sometimes called, of Charity, whose paths, though so numerous, all lead from the same mount, and again meet in one spot, the pleasant plain, which took them to the little hill and bower. Here the Prince sat down, and bid the boys sit at his feet.

"From no part of this island," said he, "is there a finer prospect to be seen than from this bower. Look beyond the sea rolling at our feet, and you will behold a part of my dominions with which you are not yet acquainted,—a land that is very far off, a goodly land, where there are many mansions, where the tree of life flourishes, and the river of the water of life flows; where flowers bloom and never fade; where sin troubles not joy, and death contends not with life. Love me, my children, and keep my command-

ments," continued the Prince, "while I am away, and when I return I will take you to this land."

Profession answered, that he could not bear to hear of the Prince leaving him.

Fidelity kissed the hand of his Prince, upon which he dropped a silent tear.

"The name of this arbour is Hope," said the Prince, "and your servants will be willing enough to work here: but you must never permit any to be employed in this arbour who have not laboured in the Grotto of Repentance, the Hill of Faith, and the Vineyard of Charity."

"I understand," said Fidelity, "that our servants in this work are to be the people of this island, a pigmy race in size, but very difficult to govern; active, indeed, in some respects, but in other respects very indolent, they will be continually begging to be released from their work and allowed some rest."

"As to that," replied the Prince, "I know the infirmity of their nature, and have provided for it. In every part of this garden I have scattered here and there resting places, where they may sit down and gather the flowers of domestic love and innocent pleasure, and where they may enjoy refreshing sleep when fatigued, and the

highest of all pleasures the friend I have provided for you will afford them when it is good for them. He will bring with him one of the harps of Paradise, and they will sit at his feet charmed into calm and silent attention when he touches the strings of it, and sing them the songs of Zion, whispering to them in words unutterable by mortals, the language of celestial Peace, the language of the COMFORTER."

The Prince paused, and Fidelity hung on his words. At last he said to him, "I have only to ask you one question: will this friend you promise us never leave us?"

"No," replied the Prince, "if you are mindful of my words, and if you seek his presence, and never grieve him. "But," proceeded the Prince, "I have a caution to give you. Beyond these gardens there is a desert land. It is called the Land of Carnal Desire. It is bounded on one side by the uplands of Natural Pride, and on the other by the mountains of Despair. It is an evil land, and reserved for burning; but your servants are so fond of this land, where they were born, that you will find the utmost difficulty to keep them out of it. Indeed they will make such excuses, and will bring you such reasons,

seemingly so wise and prudent, for going there, as will deceive yourselves, if you are not always on the watch. But remember, that on no account whatever, are they to visit that country; they are never to leave this garden; here is their place of labour. When I come back, my children, let me find you in these gardens, with your servants around you, at work, and in good order. The task may be hard, but as your day is, so will be your strength; and, by keeping these my commandments, you will show your love to me, and you will become yourselves unspeakably happy."

In reply to this speech of the Prince, Profession assured him, in the strongest manner, of his attachment to him; and declared, that it should be the only business of his life to do his will during his absence.

Fidelity looked earnestly at his Prince, and answered, "Thou knowest, Lord, that I love thee, but thou knowest also my infirmity."

The Prince having finished his directions, conducted each to a little mossy hut, placed at the upper end of each garden, called Watchfulness, from whence might be seen every thing that passed in every part of the garden. Here he took

his leave of them in a tender and affectionate manner; first, however, giving into their charge the servants who were to be their labourers.

These servants were very numerous, so numerous that I could hardly count them; very small in size, and so active, that their motions resembled those of the swiftest birds. While the Prince was in the garden, they hung round him, and they stood perfectly still for some minutes after he was gone; but in a very short time they were all in motion, and, before Fidelity and Profession were aware of it, a great number of the labourers had left the garden, and had settled themselves in a little town called Earthly Melancholy: others were sauntering along the Vineyard of Charity: and the rest were fast asleep.

I shall for the present, dwell chiefly upon the history of Fidelity; and I shall, therefore, relate how, when things were in this state, and, indeed, getting worse, the kind friend whom the Prince had promised to send to assist the boys, came, in his extraordinary love to Fidelity, and, gently touching him, brought to his remembrance those things which the Prince had said to him.

Fidelity, started up from his seat, and, to his great surprise, perceived that most of his ser-

vants had left the garden. With tears in his eyes, he begged his kind friend to show him where they were gone; and he pointed out to him the larger part of them amusing themselves in a spacious garden belonging to the palace of Vain Hope, which joined, on one side, to the town of Earthly Melancholy.

"Oh! help me," cried Fidelity, "to recal these wanderers. Oh! my Prince, my Prince, what an ungrateful child I have been.

The inmost sigh of Fidelity was not uttered, before, at the command of his friend, all his servants with rapid obedience, appeared again in the garden. And, by the direction of his friend, Fidelity took up a little wand, called Diligence, which he found in his hut, and drove all his servants to their proper places. They were none of them permitted for the present, on account of their late offence, to work in the arbour of Hope; but were divided among the Grotto of Repentance, the Hill of Faith, and the Vineyard of Charity. Fidelity humbly and patiently, yet somewhat sadly, followed them with his wand all day, from time to time casting his eyes upon his friend, who stood by strengthening him.

Towards evening, when the sun was setting amidst gold and purple clouds, this friend, who delights in being the Comforter of his people, and who would always be their Comforter, if they would entertain him, led Fidelity and his servants to the Hill of Hope; and while Fidelity sat in the arbour with his servants at his feet, he took his harp of gold, celestial gold, and played to them one of those melodies which the ears of the worldly-minded cannot hear,—one of those melodies which tune to peace the soul of the patient sufferer,—which call to laborious action the pastor labouring in foreign climes,—one of those melodies which turn pain into ease, death into life.

After this sweet evening, many days and weeks passed away most delightfully; for while Fidelity kept his servants at the Hill of Faith his friend never left him; and while *he* was with him all went well. By his direction he constantly used the wand of Diligence, and kept his servants working in their proper places. And their friend and Comforter not seldom ravished them to joy with his heavenly melodies; and at all times he whispered to them peace,—peace like that pleasant feeling which we taste when, in spring, we

feel the beams of the warm sun, and hear the buzz of the early bee as he visits the fresh primrose and violet.

One evening, as Fidelity was sitting in his hut at his evening meal, Profession, whom he did not very frequently see, called upon him, and brought with him a basket of apples. They were exceedingly fair to look at, and Profession immediately offered one to Fidelity.

Fidelity ate it, and commended its flavour very highly, and being hungry he helped himself to another. "You have excellent fruit in your garden," said Fidelity.

"These apples do not grow in my garden," answered Profession. "My servants bring them for me out of an orchard called Sensual Pleasure."

"That orchard," answered Fidelity, "is in the land of Carnal Desire. Surely you do not suffer your servants to go there? I begin to repent of eating those apples. I thought they came out of your garden."

"As to that," replied Profession, smiling, "you need not disturb yourself, for I eat of them daily; and, provided they are eaten in moderation, they will do you no harm, and your credit will not suffer by it."

"Ah!" said Fidelity, "but I shall grieve my Prince; for he has forbidden our having any thing to do with that country, or ever permitting our servants to go there. Our work lies in our garden."

"It is very true," replied Profession, "that we must have our gardens in good order when our Prince returns: but it will probably be some time before he comes; and, so that our work is done, we may surely have a little enjoyment in the mean time. Besides, I always make my servants do something in the garden every day; at least, I show them every part of the garden, and give them directions about what is to be done, and talk to them about the excellency and beauty of a well-ordered garden; so that when we begin to work in good earnest, they will know what to set about. And, in general, they are pretty willing to listen, provided I let them have their liberty afterwards."

"Indeed," said Fidelity, alarmed, "I think you are in a very dangerous state. If you let these servants of yours have so much liberty, you will never get them in order, and it is quite uncertain when our Prince may come back. Be-

sides, you cannot govern your servants yourself, and perhaps, if you never ask the kind friend that was promised us, to come to your help now, he will not assist you at last."

"As to that," answered Profession, "I am not afraid; for I do not think so ill of my servants as many people do. They have, certainly, their faults; but I think there is a great deal of honesty and good nature among them, and I do not doubt, that, even without the help you speak of, I shall be able to bring my garden into good order when I set about it. And, in the mean time, I am far happier without the constant presence of that person; for, between friends, though I think it right, in order to keep well among the King's servants, to say a good deal in praise of the King, and his Son, and this Friend, who is as himself, yet I think their laws and commandments rather grievous, and their company has always been a burden to me."

"Indeed," replied Fidelity, "I am quite of a different opinion. Ever since the King's Son showed his love to us, in so wonderful a manner, while we were rebels, I have loved him with the tenderest love, and found his company sweeter

to me than honey and the honey-comb; and for his Friend I can truly say, that he is rightly named the Comforter, and when he is away from me my soul refuseth rest."

"And yet," answered Profession, "he requires you to give up a thousand pleasures: these blooming apples, which are my daily food, you do not dare to taste." Then he archly raised up his basket towards the face of Fidelity, and he, having allowed himself to taste them, felt such a desire for them, that he could not help sighing.

Profession now laughed aloud, and wickedly mocking him, he said, "Since you dare not send for more, I will at least, leave you these, and so farewell." With that he left him in haste.

Fidelity though he had talked well to Profession, yet, as is sometimes the case on these occasions, had received more harm than he had done good. When Profession was gone, he sat silently musing on what he had heard, and the poison entered into his soul. He felt exceedingly unwilling to look for his friend, and tell him what had passed; and though every night he spent some time with his servants at the Grotto of Repentance, and the Hill of Faith, he now persua-

ded himself that the hour was past, and that his servants were too weary for the purpose, and he laid himself down on his bed to sleep. And here what with the effect of the fruit he had eaten, and what with musing on the words of Profession, he tossed about sleepless and uneasy. He was hot, and feverish, and intolerably thirsty. He got up to drink some water. It would have been well if he had gone to the water in the Grotto of Repentance to assuage his thirst, but alas! he smelt the fruit in the basket which Profession had left, and persuading himself that it was too late and too dark now to seek for any thing cooling in his garden, he greedily devoured the apples, and reeled back to his bed, for they intoxicated like wine, and here he fell into a feverish and disturbed sleep.

A little after his usual time of rising, he awoke, though not refreshed, and he got up to see if his servants were at work; but he found only a few in the garden, fast asleep at the foot of the Mount of Faith. And looking further, he perceived that all the rest had escaped into the Land of Carnal Desire, and were all feasting upon grapes, which one, named Self-Indulgence, was giving them out of a hot-house.

Fidelity knew well that his servants loved to be in this place, and that he could not, without the utmost effort and difficulty, drive them from it; and as he felt exceedingly drowsy, he allowed himself to think that it would be better to finish his sleep before he set about a business so difficult.

So he lay down to sleep once more. He awoke again about noon; but he thought it was too hot to do any thing with his servants: so again he lay down, and dozed away a few more hours.

Evening at last came on. "Before the sun sets," said Fidelity, "I will take a view of my servants, and see where they are; and in the morning I will collect them together. We shall not be the worse, I hope, for one lost day."

So saying, he walked along every part of his garden. It was desolate; without one inhabitant, except the few who still lay sleeping at the foot of the mount. A thousand little employments had been neglected: the flowers had not been watered; the withered blossoms had not been cleared away; the ripe fruit had fallen unplucked. Fidelity thought of his Prince, and sighed. "Well," said he, "I shall soon see my

servants: they are, no doubt, still eating the grapes of Self-Indulgence. Fidelity looked for them, but they were gone from thence.

At last he saw a few of them straggling about at a little distance from the hot-house, hand-cuffed, however, and driven along by a cross-looking fellow, called Sullenness.

"You may look after those servants of yours," cried the man, seeing Fidelity, "but you will never have them to work for you in your garden: for I took them prisoners while they were eating grapes in yonder garden, and I have delivered most of them up to my king, and these I am taking up to him"

"And where are they?" asked Fidelity.

"Look," said the man, "to that common, beyond which lies those dark hills. Do you see yonder towers?"

Fidelity looked, and saw many high and narrow black towers.

"Those are prisons," said Sullenness; "and the keepers of them are the children of the king of our land himself: they are named Unbelief, Enmity, Mistrust, Despair, Pride, Malice, Hatred; sturdy young men as you would wish to

see. And I will venture to say, that you, with all your strength, will never get one of your servants out of their hands; so you may as well sit down contented without them.

Fidelity was like one in a palsy when he heard these words. He sat himself down on the ground, saying to himself, "What good will my life do me? Oh! that I had never been born!"

Now Fidelity did not sit down near the Grotto of Repentance, nor the Hill of Faith, but as near as could be to the boundary of his garden; and his eyes raised on the mountains of Despair, at the foot of which his servants were imprisoned.

How long he would have sat here is uncertain, had he been left to himself; but his kind friend, his Comforter, his Helper, of whom, indeed he had not bethought himself since he had tasted the fruit, mourned over him, and tenderly pitied him. He had, it is true, withdrawn himself from Fidelity, for he had grieved him, and he is not wont to stay with those who do not love his presence. He had retired to the thickest part of the garden, where Fidelity could not see him; and now he was preparing to leave the garden altogether, yet, before he went, he determined to

make one attempt to recall Fidelity to the remembrance of the things that make for his peace. He had, over and over again, acted this kind part by Profession in vain, yet his long-suffering was not worn out. Unseen by Fidelity, (although the moon had risen,) he drew near to him, and while his fixed eyes rested on the mountains of Despair, he whispered in his ear, "Awake your servants who are sleeping at the Hill of Faith and the Grotto of Repentance."

Having said these words, he withdrew: but they had reached the heart of Fidelity. He arose in haste, like one awakened from sleep by the cry of the enemy, or of fire, and without delaying a moment, he ran to his servants and awakened them, and bid them watch at their post, while he cried aloud for mercy himself, lying prostrate on the earth. The moon was gone, and the rain fell fast. But Fidelity was quite regardless of it. His friend had drawn near to him again the moment he had awakened his servants, and had raised his voice in prayer; but owing to the darkness of the night he did not see him.

With the first ray of the morning light, he caught a glimpse of him, but it was an imperfect

one, for he had hid himself in part behind the thick shade of an olive tree, not choosing at present, that Fidelity should discover all the tenderness of his countenance. Yet to see but the skirt of his garment was joy unspeakable to Fidelity. From lamentation, his voice changed to thanksgiving; he called out "Thy loving kindness is better than life; my lips shall praise thee." But soon afterwards he added, "May there yet be hope for a sinner like me?"

His friend recalled to his mind, in reply, these sweet words of his Prince: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—But my story becomes too long.

The tender and merciful friend of Fidelity was entreated by him, and he kindly promised to recall his servants. His power opened the prison doors, and set the captives free; and once more they appeared in the garden. Yet they looked dull and unfit for work; and while Fidelity fell at the feet of his friend, and thanked him for his kindness, a secret feeling of sadness stole over his heart.

His friend in reply, half hiding his face with his mantle, said to him, "You will find very

great difficulty in setting your servants again to work: the fetters with which they have been confined, have so cramped and injured them, and your own frame is so enfeebled by that pernicious food which Profession gave you, that an other wand, as well as that of Diligence, will now be necessary to enable you to keep your servants at work." With that he stretched out to Fidelity a little black wand, by children usually called Correction, but by older people, Affliction.

Fidelity felt his flesh creep, and his servants turned pale at the sight of this rod; but he stretched out his trembling hand and took it, as a token of his Prince's love, saying, "Both thy rod and thy staff shall comfort me. But, Lord, how long?

When he received the rod, his friend answered his last question with a smile.

And now Fidelity with the rod of Affliction, led his servants to the Grotto of Repentance and the Hill of Salvation; and often, as he looked at them working, and remembered his late deliverance, he would, when faint and trembling, kiss his rod, and say, "How far sweeter is this rod to me than the enticing fruit of Sensual Pleasure!"

In a little time the long-suffering friend of Fidelity took his rod from him; and after his servants had laboured well in the Grotto of Repentance, the Mount of Salvation, and the Vineyard of Charity, he took them again to the Arbour of Hope, and played them once again the Melody of Zion.

Thus was Fidelity restored to the ways of peace and obedience. But from time to time his friend put into his hand the rod of Correction; for he found that it was an extraordinary assistance to him in governing his servants.

After this event, Fidelity felt great uneasiness on account of Profession. He had tenderly loved that boy in former days, and he still earnestly desired his welfare; but he feared to trust himself again in his company. He sometimes sent him messages of love, affectionately exhorting him to prepare for the coming of the Prince. And he was exceedingly urgent with his friend to rouse and admonish him. But nothing could be obtained from Profession but general expressions of attachment to his Prince, and fair promises that his garden should be in excellent order at his return.

From time to time reports were spread abroad

that the King's son was returning. The reports were sweet to Fidelity, but spread confusion and disorder among the servants of Profession, who, however, soon returned to their former state of self-indulgence and indifference to the Prince's command.

Some time had now passed away since the Prince had left the island. By means of his kind friend, and the rods of Affliction and Diligence, which he had given him, there was a great peace in the garden of Fidelity. All the servants knew their posts, and, in general, loved them.

Fidelity leaning on the arm of his beloved, and walking from one part of his garden to an other, visiting each in his turn, or, as occasion required, exhorting and disciplining his servants, tasted a peace which the world can neither give nor take away; yet he rejoiced with trembling; he remembered his infirmity, and was humble.

Profession, on the other hand, vainly boasted of his love and attachment to his Prince; yet he cared not that any one should see his garden, for it was empty and desolate. His servants were now entirely settled in the Land of Carnal Desire and Natural Pride.

While things were in this state, early one morning after Fidelity had been watching with his servants at the Hill of Faith and the Grotto of Penitence, he passed through the Vineyard of Love, and ascending the hill, accompanied by his friend, he sat down in the Arbour of Hope. After taking a view of the lovely prospect seen from thence, and delighting himself with the idea that that heavenly country, the skirts of which he saw, might soon, through the love of his Prince, be his, he thought he saw something moving at a great distance upon the sea. It came from the dominions of his Prince. It drew nearer. It soon appeared to be a fleet of ships. It approached the island. It was soon near enough for Fidelity to perceive that it was a large fleet, formed in the shape of a crescent. In a little while there appeared in the middle of this crescent a single ship, helm and prow gilt with gold, sparkling like the sun. On the helm appeared a canopy, studded with precious stones; beneath it, no doubt, sat the Prince himself. Round this boat were numerous others, of different colours, with rowers variously clad. From these smaller boats proceeded sounds of shawms and trumpets, harps

and cymbals; so that they seemed to be filled with musicians.

The ships which formed half of the crescent had each large white flags, which played in the wind and shone brightly in the sun. And as they approached nearer, certain words were discerned written upon a white standard in the middle of this right-hand half of the fleet, and these words were, PEACE.

The other half of the fleet had black or fiery coloured flags; and on their standards were written, JUDGEMENT.

When Fidelity clearly saw these things, and understood that his Prince was coming, he felt a secret joy, which he could not express; but in a few moments the remembrance of his ingratitude to his Prince, rushed into his mind, and he trembled, and exclaimed, "Woe is me! how shall I stand before my Prince?"

The friend who was with him bid him call to mind the love he had received from his Prince in former days, and led him with his servants, (all now gathering round him, except a few who still remained in the arbour,) to the Grotto and the foot of the mount of Salvation; and here they lay crying, "Mercy! Mercy!"

Meanwhile, Profession, who was aware of his master's approach, all hurry and confusion, called his servants together, but, alas! though he called loud and long, the greater part heard not: for one named Worldly Prudence, a person of great renown in the Land of Natural Pride, had sent them down to dig ore in a golden mine called Covetousness, where they could not hear his voice. The few he could assemble together, he set to prune the trees in the garden with some sickles he had bought from a person in their own country, called Reformation; and a few picked up some dead leaves in the Vineyard of Charity. But neither he nor his servants bethought themselves of the Grotto of Repentance, or the Mount of Faith, or of the friend whom their Prince had promised should be their guide and assistant. Yet he endeavoured to fill himself with hopes that all would still do well; and looking up and down the garden, he said, "I have seen many gardens more neglected than mine: and, considering how many difficulties I have had to contend with, I think it is in as good order as can be expected."

The fleet was now very near the land, when the Prince gave orders to cast anchor, and sent

forward a herald, to proclaim that some of the King's friends were coming speedily to take account of his servants, and to convey such as he judged faithful to the King's own fleet, to be comforted and refreshed after their labours, and to bind in chains of darkness the idle and unfaithful servants, and carry them whither they would not.

When Fidelity heard the words of the herald, he remembered again his own sin, and the love of his Prince, and his heart smote him; but he called to his servants to draw still nearer to the cross.

Profession secretly trembled at the words of the herald, yet still flattered himself with deceitful hopes.

The herald was soon followed by the friends of the King. Each of the servants was called to give an account of his stewardship, and their several dooms appointed; it remained only to decide the fate of Profession and Fidelity.

The footsteps of the King's friends were now heard, as they descended from the hall of the palace into the gardens. They approached towards Fidelity as he lay prostrate at the foot of

the cross, surrounded by his servants. "We are vile and ungrateful rebels," said Fidelity; "*we are unprofitable servants. We have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight.*"

"Rise up my son," they answered. "Your Prince has set his love upon you, and he is your beloved. We see by the employment of your servants *who* has been your guide and director, and your familiar friend; and whom *he* takes sweet counsel with is ever the beloved of your Prince. Your Prince has loved you with an everlasting love. He forgives your rebellion, and sends for you to his own presence."

They then raised him up, and led him by the hand to the sea-shore. His friend also went with him to the brink. A slender boat waited for him, and he was soon conveyed to the fleet with the white flag.

Multitudes of the King's servants welcomed him on board. Trumpets and shawms, cymbals and harps, sounded with joy; bells, also, were faintly heard from the happy land, the Land of Glory, where Fidelity was to be taken.

When the friends of the King had brought Fidelity to the fleet, they returned to the garden

of Profession. He advanced to meet them, leaning on the arm of one Self-Righteousness, who had come from the land of Natural Pride to assist him, hearing of his perplexity.

"Where are your servants?" said the friends of the King: "Your garden is desolate; the Hill of Faith and the Grotto of Repentance are forsaken; the Vineyard of Charity is uncultivated; and the Arbour of Hope is overgrown with thorns."

"The work was difficult," replied Profession, letting go the arm of Self-Righteousness.

"But you might have had assistance."

"Allow me a little more time," replied Profession in a faultering voice.

"The acceptable time is gone; the day of salvation is for ever past," replied the friends of the King: and, binding Profession hand and foot, they led him to the sea-shore, where he was placed in a boat similar to that which carried away Fidelity. But this boat conducted him to the left hand side of the fleet; and that part of the fleet setting sail quickly, bore him away to a land of unutterable darkness, where the pleasant light of the sun never shineth, where despair

casteth out hope, and death's everlasting agonies consume the inhabitants.

The fleet with the white flag soon also set sail; but not before Fidelity had been brought into the presence of his Prince, and cast at his feet a garland of immortal amaranth, which had been given him. He was clothed with celestial garments, and his countenance glowed with renovated youth and beauty. His Prince received him with tender love, and comforted him with the words of heavenly consolation.

Then the fleet set sail, turning its course to the Land of eternal Love; and the heavenly symphony of the musicians sounded faintly and more faintly from the departing fleet.

By the command of the Prince, a pillar of white marble was erected in the gardens of Profession and Fidelity, for the benefit of those who might afterwards possess them. On the pillar in the garden of Fidelity was inscribed,

EVERY
THOUGHT MUST BE
BROUGHT INTO CAPTIVITY TO
THE OBEDIENCE OF
CHRIST.

On that in the garden of Profession was inscribed,

EVERY
IMAGINATION OF THE
THOUGHT OF MAN'S HEART IS
ONLY EVIL CONTINU-
ALLY.

O ye young ones, who read the story of Fidelity and Profession, learn hence to restrain your busy, active, wandering thoughts. Teach them to labour at the Grotto of Repentance, the Hill of Faith, the Vineyard of Charity, and the Arbour of Hope. But attempt not the work in your own strength: you have a friend who loves you tenderly, who will hlep you, stengthen you, comfort you, and who has promised never to leave you; in his strong help go forth, and you will assuredly go forth to success, to victory, and to glory.

FINIS.

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